

THE RADICAL.

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DISCOURSES CONCERNING THE FOUNDATIONS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

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VI.

NATURALISM.

THE substance of the preceding Discourses is not negative, but constructive. They reject Supernatural Authority only to assert the Adequacy of Natural Religion. The voice of Nature is the voice of God. Miracle in the theological sense is impossible. We can have no other commandment than Natural Law ; we can know no other Gospel than Natural Inspiration ; we can possess no other guarantee of Truth than that Intuition and Recognition which in every case prove it to be the native element and proper force of Man.

“ Were not the eye itself a sun
No sun for it could ever shine :
By nothing noble could the heart be won
Were not the heart divine.”

It is time to reinstate a divine word which Theology has discredited ; time to bid our faith repair to those fountains whence all our living waters flow. Let us not be deterred from welcoming ‘ Naturalism ’ as expressive of the largest possible Belief.

Naturalism, according to some of its modern opponents, must needs be Materialism. But a quaint writer two hundred years ago said more wisely — “ *Nature is the very genius of entity ; it is being itself.* Cannot a soul be admitted into natural philosophy unless it bring a certificate and commendamus from the body ? ” Properly that which makes a thing what it is, *the unalterable law of its constitution*, is its

nature. And the popular sense of the word has doubtless been determined by the fact that such positive structural law is more obvious to men generally in the physical sphere than in the moral or spiritual. It is as irrational to speak of interference with the laws of Thought or Conscience as it is to say that a thistle can become a fig and yet remain a thistle. The nature of every substance is inviolable ; that of the living soul no less than that of the dead stone. The one may be a senseless, perishable mass, the other a mystery of endless growth ; admit the difference, but credit each nature with its own effects. Do not say of the stone : it is natural for this to flash in the light ; and then of the soul, it is *not* natural for this to call God Father and Man Brother ; not natural for this to see and to do whatever Jesus of Nazareth can be proved to have seen and done ! Naturalism does not bring the soul down to the law of the stone. It states a law of the Universe, and states it in this wise, I should say. *Relatively*, the Supernatural can only be for each being that life of Higher Beings which can *by no possibility ever enter into its sphere* : since whatever actually appears therein is by that very fact proved to be accordant with its laws, and manifests their scope ; and so if God Himself is incarnated in Man, then God is for *Man as such*, not supernatural, but natural ; the Two are essentially One : while *absolutely*, the Supernatural does not exist at all ; since the Highest has a nature, no less truly than the lowest.

Nature transcends the question of senses and spirit ; it covers the whole of experience. Dr. Bushnell defines the Supernatural as the freedom and spontaneity of the Will in distinction from that *necessity* which binds the physical world. But there is a Spiritual Nature, and that also is necessity. The Will has no more freedom to transcend or violate that nature, than the sun has freedom to transcend or violate *his* nature. We are just as much bound by its inherent moral necessities when we choose to do wrong, as when we act becomingly ; and the liberty of caprice is no liberty from these. We may disobey the command of conscience, but we cannot break a law of our being ; and spontaneity, however you may define it, is simply the *expression* of our nature, not a life beyond it. Even if it could be proved, as the writer just mentioned would prove it, to be a force transcending the law which proportions effect to cause, that would but enlarge the ordinary conception of Human Nature, and the Miracle, defined by him as the expression of this force, could in no case manifest the incoming of supernatural power. That larger necessity would enfold it, and direct its orbit as perfectly as gravitation holds and moves the stars. All freedom falls within the nature of the being exercising it ;

nor has any spirit immunity from these limits, which are its proper freedom. The sublimest volition of a saint has no more title to the name of supernatural, than the unconscious fall of a stone. It but reveals what he *essentially* shares with every other being who can respond to its appeal. In this inviolate sanctity of its Nature, the meanest thing you tread on blends itself with God. What is Immutable Morality but the Necessary Law of Deity? God's Will would not be perfect could it change Wrong to Right.

Naturalism does not rest in the senses. It does not start from the senses. It starts from the Idea of the Perfect, of the Immutable; from the Idea of Essential Adequacy — Adequacy of powers to spheres; of satisfactions to needs; of law to life; from Moral Inviolability and the indefeasible *Conservation of Force*, spiritual as well as physical, protecting Human Nature against Moral Loss. It rests only in the Perfection of Providence, in the vital Necessity of Good.

But Naturalism denies the Miracle; and therein, it would seem, becomes the sum of all infidelities. It aims at a Natural Science of Belief; therefore it must be Comte and Positivism. It refuses to be drawn by the Mansels and the Hamiltons, by definitions of the 'Limits of Religious Thought,' 'Philosophies of the Conditioned,' or other confessions of natural incompetence, into inferences of the "Necessity of Revelation"; schemes for supplying sights and sounds to organisms that have neither eyes to see nor ears to hear — new phases of the old theological fiction of 'Creation out of Nothing': — it refuses this exploiting of philosophy in the interest of dogmatic unreason; therefore it has no bridge from Finite to Infinite, from Conditioned to Absolute, phenomenal to noumenal; in short, no Objective God! It would be nearer truth to say that Naturalism, in denying this phantom bridge of 'Revelation,' has taken a step towards recognizing the real passage from one of these sides of thought to the other: nay rather; that all possibility of real knowledge must depend on the fact which only Naturalism sees, of a vital, essential, absolute and eternal union of the two factors in the very structure of Human Nature itself.

But there are graver charges than these. Prof. Fisher opens his batteries on the Tübingen school of criticism by boldly ascribing Naturalism in no slight degree "to the deep alienation of the human heart from God." If you will not concede beforehand that miracles *may* have happened, you are unfit to judge *whether* they have happened; and it is futile to attempt to convince you *that* they have. And you *would* so concede, if it were not for the natural tendency to an "unreligious temper"! In other words, the violation of Nature, sent

to *confute* unbelief in the possibility of the Supernatural, thereby to bring back alienated nature to God, demands that men should *give up* the unbelief beforehand, because otherwise they cannot be made to believe; they have 'begged the question in dispute'! The miracle will have easy work, undoubtedly, if it is to appeal only to those who admit already, *as matter of duty*, not only the possibility, but the need of it. Naturalism, it seems, must deny itself at the outset, having no right to its own standpoint. Has Supernaturalism, then, no antecedent assumption? Observe this short way of disposing of the right of private judgment in matters of criticism. My neighbor affirms that we can have no other guide than the laws of human thought and experience. I regard this as irreligious, and insist that miracles are perfectly in accord with human conditions; hence there is every reason to believe that this accordance should somewhere be shown; and the miracles of the Bible are the only ones in question; in my view, the only possible ones for *illustrating* that belief. We approach the investigation. He endeavors to show me that the accounts are explicable on his theory. I find them illustrative of mine. Whereupon I inform him that he cannot possibly be right, because he did not concede my postulate in the premises! Each of us had his notion of Natural Laws. It was part of his that they could not be violated; of mine that they might be. I start with assuming that principle of their *contingency* which makes miracles not only credible, but even probable under certain circumstances, among which is a natural depravity *requiring* supernatural remedies; and this assumption also I bring to the inquiry. I *assume miracle* in my very conception of the Divine. He assumes the contrary of all this.—And yet I venture the charge that he had prejudged the question of special miracles, *while I had not*—and depart, shaking my head despairingly over the natural depravity of his will!

But this is not all. "Naturalism," we are incessantly told, "must be either Pantheism or Atheism." These are vague terms, in no wise to be accepted in any special application without careful definitions. They mean here, however, on the whole, simply *unbelief in Semitic Theology*. To deny the possibility of Miracle is to deny a God who stands in a mechanical instead of vital relation to the world; who creates it out of nought, in the void *abss* beyond Him, instead of evolving it out of his own infinitude; making also provisional rules for its government, and changing them at will as a workman changes broken or bad tools for new, instead of *revealing Himself* in it as essential law. Miracle does but declare the right and power of such a God to do what He pleases with this world which He has made and

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contemplates from without. If you do not admit Miracle, it must be because you either do not believe that He is, or do not believe that He is thus apart from the world ; Atheism or Pantheism. And this is announced as the only possible sense of Divine Omnipotence, Personality, Intelligent Providence ; the only alternative to sinking them altogether. It had strongest expression in the Semitic tribes, especially the Hebrews.

Naturalism accepts no such alternative ; no such limitation of Divine Life. It affirms that it is of the very Perfection of God to be revealed in Immutable Law ; to be therein present in fulness of Wisdom, Power, Will and Love forever ; that Miracle is incredible because it would imply that these are not *already* thus immanent in Law ; that Creation out of Nothing is impossible, because it implies that this evolution of Divine Law in the depths of Divine Life is inadequate, and that God must go beyond and outside (!) this infinity of resource, to produce finite existence and consciousness, to make a world. And it affirms that Personality, which in its human sense means that which distinguishes each individual from others and from his own works, and so states his *limitations* by them, can have no such meaning in God ; that it must drop the finiteness ascribed to it in Semitic Theology, and become universal and all-embracing, absorbing all finite personalities in its larger life, One in a transcendent and real sense with all that exists. If this is Pantheism, it is so in no such way as to deny Personality, or abolish Providence, or extinguish individualities within their own limits. If it is the Pantheism that confesses God to be All in All, it is also the Theism that trusts Him as the Soul of all-wise and beneficent Law.

I know what negations have been announced by many who profess to follow Nature. I know what half-sight is possible in an age that is studious of the physical sciences ; though its half-sight is, on the whole, far more promising than that of ages that have not sought to unveil their face. "Law," says Odilon Barrot, "is Atheist, knows no God." And another French writer has just said, "There is no God in the domain of Positive Philosophy ; unless you mean by God the ideal type of moral good." The exception indicates how far such statements are from implying Atheism in any absolute sense. If, however, we take them to mean that, they are about as sensible as to say that the Code Napoleon knows of no Napoleon ; that there is no Mind in the domain of French Thought. No, not half so sensible ; because the Ways of Nature reveal a great deal more Wisdom and Care than any of our codes or philosophies. Even the Egyptians represented Law as an Eye within a sceptre. *What is Gravitation, in the last analysis, but Mind ?*

What Naturalism properly affirms is that there can be no interference with the Natural Order, no contingency thereof on the issue of *Temptation* even in the desert watches of a Hebrew Saint.

And because it does this it is charged with depriving the soul of its Father, by substituting a self-working machinery for a living Will ; with making Prayer meaningless and leaving Sorrow comfortless ; with taking away the 'Authoritative Bible and Supernatural Saviour that men need, and giving them nothing in place of these. It is the foe of Piety, because it affirms that God does not break His own laws, and has no need of Miracles to uphold His world !

But we know that all this proceeds upon an inadequate conception of what is meant by Divine Laws. If they are perfect, then they must *cover* all those needs of the soul which miracles are thought necessary to meet, *provided they are real needs*. Unchangeable Law is the sign of perfect Serenity, Benignity and moral Beauty ; since only these could reach from the beginning to the end, sweetly ordering all things. It is therefore the invitation to perfect obedience and absolute trust. By faith in such law you lie down in quietness and arise in strength ; you sow and reap ; you welcome the thunder storm, and ride on the sea ; you plant purpose, hope, love ; you learn the awfulness of Duty, the joy of Spiritual Liberty. It is not the expectation of *miracles*, surely, that enables you to gain strength from weakness, and patience from pain, and reconciliation with your lot from its stern conditions. It is confidence that the Eternal Ways are all wise ways, and the paths of our natural growth ; and therefore must be accepted, not broken through. In life, in death, their fidelity is what assures us ; the conviction that they will be to us what they were to our fathers, to our children what they are to us. What would all your dearest associations with the invisible world profit you, if a moment's divine caprice could overturn the laws of Heavenly Life, and we could trust neither our minds nor hearts to bear witness of their endurance beyond the hour ? Can one whose very being rests on Unchangeable Law, and abides in its securities and promises, doubt that it is the Heart of God ?

It does not take the Father out of the world and leave a self-working machine there in His place. The most rigid Development-Theory does not imply that. Law, whether you call it physical or, more properly, spiritual, is not mechanism. The Life that has kindled it must continue to kindle it or it ceases to be. It cannot go on, 'the Maker being elsewhere at other work.' A man may leave his machine to go of itself, because the laws of Nature do not depend on him. But the laws of Nature, inward and outward, do depend on God. They

are His way of working. If there were no other means to prove His Indwelling Presence, this steady, strong, unswerving, impartial pulse of Law would be enough.

It does *not* destroy our faith in a living Divine Will. It causes that Will to be recognized as infinite, unchangeable, beyond possibility of caprice. It does *not* make Prayer meaningless, except as an effort to change that Will, as the laws of life reveal it; and this is but the semblance, not the reality, of Prayer. It makes Prayer the effort to be *in accord with* a Will as benignant as it is immutable; the opening of the soul to welcome a strength and assurance *whose law it is to come*, when we *are* thus opened to it; the longing to know and love the Infinite Giver, and to grow in the appointed paths of Nature; the *life* accordant with Principles, with Rectitude and Good. It does not leave sorrow comfortless, for it points to every form of suffering as the condition of an insight to which we shall surely penetrate at last, not a bitter accident, which a miracle must be sought for to avert. It does *not* fail to put anything in place of the authoritative Bible and exceptional Christ it sets aside. It puts in their place the unspeakable nearness of an Infinite Love and its adequacy to every need.

For Law is the perpetual benediction of the Spirit — "My world is as good and fair as at first, and needs no mending; I dwell in its perfect Order, and make its stability the sign of my Love." Men know not what they do when they ask for Miracle. They forget that their peace is gone, if one law of the universe should waver or slide. Could it fully realize such break, the mind would reel with that sense of utter insecurity in the whole fabric of things of which the heave of an earthquake gives some faint conception; nor would it recover its composure from the shock of any *apparent* miracle, till the anomaly was referred to some stable law. When people seek special interferences to save them from what they dread, it is in fact *Divine protection* that they substantially desire; and they forget that Law itself is the protecting and ultimately preserving force. When they ask for a Miracle, what they in reality though unconsciously seek, is some hitherto unrecognized form of Divine Law. And their impatience for this is simply failure to appreciate the good will latent already in the laws they dread; laws that seem to bring only penalty, or to crush them in the iron mechanism of Chance or Fate. But Nature hastens to dispel the fears, and spiritual insight but anticipates scientific result.

And therefore, whatever follies of private speculation may come of its abuse, Positive Science, in its absolute freedom, whether geological, astronomical, exegetical, social, moral, theological, spiritual, with

whatsoever wrecks of old belief it may strew its path, can bring only *Appliances for Religion*. It can only help, not harm that inner life whose roots are in the sanctity and sweetness of Eternal Law. In its very negations, Naturalism assumes a hundred fold more than it denies. Its criticism is essentially the effort to have done with attributing arbitrariness and inconstancy to the ways of God, and with organizing them in the affairs of men ; to discover and obey the impartialities of a Divine Order. And this is to lift Piety from that House upon the Sands in which the churches have isolated it, and plant it under the open heaven, and in the living soil which Nature has prepared for its free and happy growth.

Where are the destructives the defenders of the faith are warning us that we shall meet at every turn? I do not find them. Pure negation is a monster, a chimera ; motiveless purpose ; nature never made it. Even the Buddhist, yearning for extinction, is thirsting for somewhat that cannot change nor pass away. Do we suppose that when honest men criticise a book they see nothing beyond it? The Bible-anatomists, whose negations shake the old structures built on texts, are in search of positive ethical and spiritual faith. Men who declare that the Bible as a whole cannot be 'inspired,' cannot be 'God's Word,' because it is part true and part false, part noble and kind, part miserable and hateful, that the chaff of this hoarded grain must be separated from the wheat — do but mean that the hunger for truth is dearer than any special harvests man has ever gathered in ; that the Reason will not be stultified nor the Affections stifled in the name of Religion, but insist on the Moral Perfection of God. They subject the Bible to the tests of these first fathers of all the good the Bible has in it, claiming for them the same Divine authority they had in the old time for teaching that. Shall not the same which made, remake? How shall they grow but by *outgrowing*, how live but by *outliving* their own work? Did they make one Book and then die?

It would not be enough to say that purely *negative* criticism of the Bible lasted but a little while, even in the common sense of the word. It never existed at all, unmixed with some positive fruit. It did not content itself with proving that large portions of all the Books were unhistorical, that the authors of all but a very few were unknown, that the biographies of Jesus could not have been composed by eyewitnesses, or persons conversant with the facts of his life, and so on. It was clearing away rubbish to find a buried root of truth. At the very outset of denial it hastened to explain how these books really originated ; to show that whether true or false historically, they grew

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out of the aspiration of Man towards a Divine Life. Strauss has no other essential purpose than to show how the myths arose out of antecedent religious yearnings and beliefs. He claims to be "separating abiding elements of Christianity from transient opinion." The Tübingen school, which disproves the historical validity of very large parts of the New Testament, and the authenticity of most of the Books thereof, claims the title by eminence, of a historical school. And with entire reason, since its constructive criticism aims to put the Bible into the natural chain of historical causes and effects, revering this to the extent of allowing no exception to its control. In other words, it venerates a God who vitalizes the whole History of Man, not one who could be shut up within the Literature of a chosen People. Is there any comparison as regards breadth of scope and depth of foundation for the Religious Idea, between this principle and the creed it assails?

Notice the religious possibilities of a scientific standpoint which denies the Miracles on the ground of the inviolability and perfect adequacy of Natural Law. Supernaturalism by the side of them looks even irreverent and unbelieving.

Here, too, Criticism was not content with mere denial nor mere disproval, but immediately pointed out those general laws of mythological development in unscientific ages, which are signs of noble and devout tendencies in human nature. For the Myth is a spontaneous tribute of the Religious Imagination, to the men and things that win its reverence and love. It is the happy play of these emotions through the poetic or creative faculty, shaping the world in their own image, using life and death as they will. The Nativities and Transfigurations, the sympathetic Heavens and Earth of the old mythology, are not destroyed, but ennobled, in being rescued from the hard literalism of the dogmatists in the name of that divine faculty which the little children share with Homer and Shakespeare, and all the great open-eyed Seers.

Thus while denying the error that God has broken His own laws, Naturalism discloses in the very error the creative energy of Man's Religious and Æsthetic Powers.

Notice, too, the significance of certain *Doctrinal Negations*. The rejection of the theological Atonement is not unbelief in retributive law. It is the claim for Deity of a purer justice than that which would punish one for the sins of all, or count the sin of finite beings infinite, and exact for it an infinite penalty. It is the refusal to ascribe to the All-wise the folly of attempting by the sacrifice of Himself to appease His own justice, offended by human transgression. It is the assurance that the Infinite does not need to go through a dra-

matic death on the cross, in the shape of a man, when He would manifest the perfection of His love.

The rejection of the theological dogma of *Incarnation* is not unbelief in God's presence in the world and the soul. It is the claim that this Presence shall not be confined within One Person, since it is the very Life of the Race, and can be fully incarnated only in the *History* of the Race.

The denial of official mediatorship or superhuman nature to Jesus of Nazareth is not disparagement of the Inspiration which shone in his life. It is the demand that this Inspiration shall not be made to tell against the religious and moral capacities of Human Nature, but shall tell *for* them, as essentially human gift. He shall not be made exceptional; since it is precisely this noblest man who should be every way like us as men, that he may help us as men by his moral power, and yet be no titled official set over souls as the head is set to rule the members in the body. To record him as a great religious genius is to honor him as much as it is possible to honor man; for such genius is beyond all else venerable and dear, everywhere giving the sense of a divine illumination and an intuitive sympathy with every one's best. To deny that his character and religion could be sent down ready made, inserted from without into human history, is to pronounce the natural order of human events and the natural evolution of human character to be of themselves, read rightly, the Revelation of God in Man. It is to demand that this sacred movement shall not be disparaged by the exclusion from it of its noblest steps. It is to make the most of this sublime illustration of the relations of religious genius to the teachings and wants of its time; of the interweaving of Inspiration with Education, as the law of Spiritual Progress.

Here is a Religious Philosophy of History that seems to deserve the name; since God and Man, the necessary terms, are here *essentially* and vitally related, making philosophical generalization possible, and its statements valid for all times and all issues.

And what is this new Criticism and Belief in its *Public Aspects*? Properly the assertion of Human Nature in its central fact of Brotherhood, against all exceptionalities and partialities in Church and State. It is the *Radicalism* of Brotherhood as positive natural Law. It is *Moral Realism*; Principles withdrawn from the sphere of the abstract and impracticable, in other words, the supernatural, and taken as constructive forces with full rights to the social fields, nay, as their natural growth and natural demand. It holds Church and State to the same laws of essential Democracy; and while it forbids

that either should, as positive institution, arbitrarily interfere with the other, it points both to their *higher identity* in a common allegiance to these democratic laws. The true political radical who denounces the theological radical, is like a picket who does not know his own password when he hears it from another's lips, and so shoots his own comrade in the dark. The one insists that the Human Form, in highest and lowest, is sign of Human Nature, neither more nor less, and holds the State to that. The other holds the Church to the same rule; and forbids *its* denial of an essential identity of nature in all who have ever worn that Form. What is Anti-slavery in Politics is Anti-supernaturalism in Psychology. I do not mean that individuals can be kept to consistency in these matters. I am speaking of essential meanings. An official Christ is as anti-democratic as a privileged race.

Naturalism applies Love and Justice to society as *Sovereign Law*. It is content with nothing short of the devoutness of consecration which this demands. In the name of this it meets policies, expediences, compromises, denominational and political, with the reproof that truth cannot submit to their evil handling, nor the public needs allow their shuffling delays. It assails every form of Slavery as infraction of Natural Right. It demands the complete Emancipation of Labor in the name of a legislation divinely recorded in the Organization of Man. Material interest and military necessity have not satisfied it. The plea for liberty rises into the moral and spiritual sphere, because it is in the name of Nature. It will not be cheated of its right to rest on immutable principles; and such are forever divine. *And the facts of the time approve this religious radicalism as the best exponent of its master currents.* Read there the Fate which urges us; no downward track, but the sublime justification of God in Man. Was not the Immediate Emancipationist the truest prophet among us — he whose *moral* abhorrence of Slavery refused the slow paths of policy and concession, and called for its swiftest possible overthrow? We lay long miles of political pipe-clay to drain off by easy grade the sin that lies around our doors; scrupulous of everything but the Moral Law it offends. But behold, *that* alone represented the living fact; that alone was master of the situation; and the earth under our feet flames with the swift retributions which alone can save. If you have built your State on Natural Right, dare to trust this utterly. Nature is holding you to a better than the best you can see. You shrink from her grand consistencies and equalities that you do see, only to find that this moment was authoritative with larger ones that you knew not; nay, that you could not know, till through your own virtue or by her compulsions, you had done fairly by the

first. Her purpose is always ahead of even your *boldest* plan, nor will it wait your convenience. If you defer negro suffrage, you turn white suffrage into calamity, and it shall rend you ; for you have doomed it to be a beast, when Nature would have given it a soul. She is holding you to a better than negro suffrage, even Universal Justice ; and if you will not let it come but by madness, the madness shall haste to do its own perfect work.

And the Civil War, sternest necessity of our political Naturalism, was recreative and constructive. Its moral vindications brought us not Nationality only, but Faith, which is the Soul of Nationality. What a comment are its issues on the cry we have been so used to hear, that a pestilent Radicalism, prying at the foundations of Church and State, was sweeping off Religion to perish in seas of blood ! Yes, a 'religion' was indeed perishing ; one that had known palmy days, when Church and State seemed anchored fast in the divine authority of Slavery ; when to shelter the friendless against its wrath was treason ; when conscience, pleading a Higher Law against it, was 'monomania ;' when the Bible was a slave code, and the Market a slave speculator, and the Constitution a title-deed to property in Man ! But what was that which shone in on the Conscience of the People, when criticism had given place to sterner resources of the Moral Laws, and the seas of blood did their work, and it was proved that such a Religion had no proper hold in this Universe and must go down, though all parties upheld it, and its death should cost the lives of a generation ? Did any people ever hear before now, all things considered, such a Revelation of the Sovereignty of Justice as that was ? I know how far we are from the righteousness that becometh a Nation ; but can I believe that there was ever so much Positive Religion in this land as there must be to-day ? Let us make no vain pretences ; let us confess that the lesson is not yet read, nor the duty done. But let us recognize what germs must have had birth, of noblest faith and will, that shall find work to do before long ; what wondrous Presence of Eternal Right, overshadowing, overruling, compelling and preserving, has pressed close on every soul that could think or feel, and made it confess that we and all our works are in Its Hands.

And what faith in the Nation's Future these Sovereignities of Natural Law have nursed ! I know not what else could have sustained it through the long darkness, and made the night to be such light about us. They were the thread of the stern labyrinth, which he who held not fell into bewilderment and despair. How they turned everything into helpfulness of motive or of warning ; interpreting all dis-

couragements in the interest of courage and fidelity ; the vicissitudes of war, the conspiracies of parricides, the secret foes in the household, the slowness and blindness of the popular conscience, the bitter blunders of the popular favor ! And they still admonish us in the perils that are now imminent, and for the struggles yet to come, that the cut of God's plough runs deeper than the devices of politicians, or the failure and treachery of trusted guides.

America means Naturalism ; the Religion of Democracy is the *essential* union of God with Humanity. The boundless faith of her Moral Reformers means simply that if your ideals are all credited to Nature, you shall know its capabilities, and with absolute conviction put in the largest practical claim for every person. Naturalism is absolute confidence in Thought, in Liberty, in Progress, as Human Functions and Forces. Its watchword is : let each be true to his own soul ; let the whole guard the rights that are shrined in each. It is not infidelity nor apostasy. It is not expulsion from an Eden of Faith into storm and night. It is a magnificent Exodus out of the bondage of unbelieving traditions into the Promised Land of Truth and Love. It is the assurance that there can be no antagonism between perfect freedom to seek truth, and will to worship the Spirit of Truth. Science is no Atheist. It is divine because it is humane ; faithful to God's leading because true to Man's needs. The age is alive with its achievements and presentiments, and to bring all things within the folds of Eternal Law is the joy of existence. God has made it so, not that He may be less trusted and loved, but that He may be better understood. The glad tidings of this Gospel make us bold to bring all secret miseries and sins to the remedial light, and command that the coward's crooked paths delay us no longer. The forward look knows no doubt. The wise men are pointing on from the hill-tops, and the old theological camps are breaking up : we are crossing over into our natural heritage.

We are set to prove that the fullest Liberty of Inquiry is one with the Piety that bears fruit in the love of all uses ; that it is the path not of barren skepticism, but of trust in the best aspirations, in the set of all experiences towards ultimate good. Naturalism must find a blessed life in its Humanities, which Supernaturalism could not find in its Miracles. It is to justify its war against error and wrong by drawing its strength from spiritual deeps. It comes to bind the wounded spirit, not to break the bruised reed. Nor would it pull away from under men the poor prop of one failing error, without offering in its stead an upholding truth.

THE CHASE.

BY A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

O'ER earth and seas,
In sunshine, shade,
Blest Beauty crossed,
Nor stopt nor staid,
Nor temples took,
Nor idols hewed,
Apart she dwelt
In solitude.

In solitude, Heart said :
" Where find the maid ?
My bride 's a fugitive,
From sight doth live,
And hearts are hunters of the game,
Pursuers of the same
Through every passing form,
The Beauty that all eyes do seek,
All eyes do but deform ;
The love our faithless lips would speak
Dies on the listless air,
Nature befriends us not,
Nor hearthside doth prepare
In all her ample plot ;
Life 's but illusion,
Cunning confusion ;
Flings shadows pale about our path,
She shadow is, and nothing hath ;
Eyes are divorced from seeing,
Hearts cloven clean from being ;
My bride I cannot find,
My love I cannot bind ;
The thousand fair ones of our sphere,
Fond, false ones all, nor mine, nor dear ;
The Paradise
I would surprise,
From all my following flies,
And I 'm a thousand infidelities ;
There 's none for me
In all I see ;

Surely the Fair One bides not here,
Where dwells she, where, in any sphere?"

In any sphere
Love whispered: "Where, where if not here?"
Here in thy breast the maiden find,
Ideas sole imparadise the mind;
Here heart's hymeneals begin,
Here's ours and only ours from ours within;
Through parting gates of human kind
Enter thou blest the Unseen Mind.

ILLUSION.

BY EDWARD FINLEY.

MAN the sport of numberless deceptions, seems to possess a constitutional relish for being deceived. Those are esteemed the most fortunate, who are clothed in the thickest and softest mantels of illusion; and life is a game wherein most of the competitors are striving to surpass their fellows in the accomplishment of being cheated. Society is a mansion of specious forms and flowing materials, where each breath of air and ray of light from the solid world of reality, must be tempered and toned to accord with the whims or the necessities of the inmates. It is a castle of clouds that may influence like sweet enchantment, or like stifling vapor. And a very considerable part of the world's pageantry is produced by a mob of spectators marching to annihilation.

Society, custom, and opinion, though they embody so much that is real, and genuine, and beautiful, are still a grand apotheosis of illusion. The world is quite extensively worn to rags; and the vast party of conservation are flaunting the shreds and patches in the sun and breeze, as if they were banners to proclaim the advent of the Millenium. But only a few can see clearly, that it would be the best wisdom and prudence, to submit this social rag-bag of wont and custom, to the potent chemistry of truth, and progress, and sincerity, to be made into clean white paper, whereon to write anew the gospel and poem of humanity.

In spiritual affairs illusion has the largest supremacy. The popular religion is like a perpetual coronation ceremony of the king of

ancient Mexico, who, as Montaigne says, "swears to make the sun run his course in his wonted light, to drain the clouds at a fit season, to confine rivers within their channels, and to cause all things necessary, for his people to be borne by the earth." These promises were not likely to fail of fulfillment; and the king was sure to get the glory of the performance, though he had no hand, but only a credulous conceit in the matter. The popular theology is mainly an illusion. It takes little account of Nature; but is sure to claim the credit of Nature's best performance. The light as it forever flows from the Spiritual Sun, is boundless and free; but the popular theology says, It is all the bottled article, extracted from the ancient records and traditions, and you have no right to use it, except you take it with the proper label. And the prevailing belief in such assumptions, makes it resemble still more closely, the coronation of the king of Mexico. Swift describes a pack of philosophers, who devoted their lives and expended all their wisdom in trying to extract sunshine from ripe cucumbers. This extract was to be bottled and used as a substitute for daylight. The world will no doubt be considerably better off when this race of philosophers has become extinct.

Illusion makes a world wherein extremes meet in strange and startling combinations. It is a world where tadpoles dine on whales, elephants wage irrepressible conflicts with mice, Brobdingnags are the bond slaves of Liliputians, the people are required to honor the ancient prophets as the Isrealites honored Joseph, by carrying their bones into the land of promise, the Past is made the guardian and overseer of the Present and Future, the sun begs a tallow candle to light himself to bed, and the soul is a dried leaf stuck between the pages of an old book.

Nature appears as chief manager in this play of illusion; and she treats man as a child, whose vision is not enough developed to behold real substances in the untempered light of truth, as one who is only capable of observing the shadows that glide through the cave which he inhabits. With his interior eyes but partially developed, or still in the rudimentary state, and with the soul suggesting the visions of reality that await him in the upper light, man is ever ready to listen to the vague rumors and unsatisfactory reports from the unexplored regions of day. Human nature is a continent whose boundaries are nowhere inside the horizon; and it is not surprising that the disposition prevails to credit the reports of the Gullivers and Manchausens, who profess to have sailed farther than the horizon dared to lead or follow.

Man is the victim of his greatness, as much as of his littleness. He

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is dazed and bewildered upon the vast, undefined continent of his own being, and is constantly mistaking it for foreign territory. He is fallen heir to a larger possession than he is at present capable of overseeing; and he does not know how to distinguish his own estate from the mirage that overspreads it. Illusion rules and captivates through the senses; and these superficial reporters need the constant correction of a deeper instinct and intuition.

Over most lives illusion is king; but its government is in the main, mild and soothing; and it was no doubt established to promote the happiness and welfare of mankind. Man is kept with spectres and shadows in the dim twilight; but he is being prepared to use his eyes in the perfect light, when he has been got ready to be ushered into its splendor; and the result may prove that we have all been cheated for our own benefit.

For vast numbers, illusion prepares a fine heaven, by getting them to look at all objects and events through their vanity and self-conceit. It is a cheap method whereby the poorest individual may behold himself large and luminous as the sun. Very foolish, or even disgusting, may be some of the grosser manifestations of vanity and self-esteem. An immortal spirit and prospective god flaunting its adventitious feathers, cultivating attitudes before the cracked mirror of public opinion, or worshipping its own exaggerated reflection in the shallow pool of self-conceit,—that is a sight which is ludicrous, sad, and pitiful! But there is still left some ground for singing the praises of egotism and vanity. Man is defended by self-esteem against being crushed into imbecility, in presence of the thronging majesty of the Universe. How could he live without this protection against the overwhelming sublimities that surround him!

Man is an egotist, and that is in part his compensation for not being a god. He must not sink through self-abasement into helpless despair; therefore nature has so liberally furnished him with this soothing and invigorating balm of self-conceit; and the sweet story of his greatness is whispered in his private ear, to assure him that, in spite of rags and hunger, persecutions and contempt, he is undergoing the cruel ordeal of unappreciated grandeur. He is a king unseated from his throne, but still possessing the divine right to rule. Or, if the career be renowned and prosperous, then, it is the case of a celestial luminary appointed to shine into grim alleys and paltry vegetable gardens, when its rays would be sufficient to supply health and vigor to boundless fields of tropical vegetation. The swiftest promotion cannot overtake this shadow, self-conceit; for it is the promotion that helps to produce the shadow.

Man cannot live free and isolated from his fellows. In society there must be some regard shown for the tastes and opinions of others. It is felt to be good and soothing to bask in the world's approving smile, and an evil to tremble beneath its condemning frown. One is anew confirmed in his act or opinion, if he finds that it meets with the approval of those for whose favorable judgment he feels any concern. There is apt to appear value and encouragement in the cheapest opinion, if it chance to be *for* us and not *against* us. Vanity comes to the help of egotism, and makes the sentence which coincides with one's own act or opinion seem potent and wise, however absurd and foolish it might be in any other case. How like fragrant winds from blooming tropic isles is the breath of applause, though blown from lungs whose possessors are only a little more rational than the bellows that inspires the flame in the forge! If the wind be in our sail, why stop to inquire from what fragrant fields or unsightly sloughs it has come! It was not altogether unreasonable, the proposition of Franklin, to give thanks for our vanity, because it helps to make us pleasant, and kindly, and comfortable. Who would deprive the peacock of its brilliant, feathery glory, and leave it with only the comfort to be derived from its unsightly feet and unmusical voice! And what greater comfort would be left to many a human cousin of the peacock, if deprived of the glory of bright gilding, and the ecstasy of fine plumage!

Along with the rest, there goes forth this proclamation also: Great is paint; great is the joy of fine plumage; sweet the ravishment of admiring eyes; and more delicious than all the beauties and harmonies of spring-time, the music of applauding speech! The most beautiful object may have some features, which if put in the foreground would make it appear unsightly and disagreeable. It is no more than an act of justice towards the company, for one to put his best qualities and features foremost. Though you may have been scowling and frowning in solitude, it would be best to greet the friend or stranger who may happen in unawares, with the balm and sunlight that flow from cheerful smiles. And if the teacher is sometimes compelled to prepare his discourse in the midst of a mob of dyspeptic fiends that harry his soul into a discordant tempest, which threatens to wreck his hopes and extinguish forever the light of his faith,—yet, he should endeavor to make his speech, if not as the dawning sunlight from beneath this chaos and night, then at least, as the rainbow against the grim background of clouds. And there need be no hypocrisy or pretension in a performance of such sort. Because you introduce your friends into the parlor, is not to be construed into a

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denial of the fact, that there is also connected with the establishment a laundry and a kitchen. It is refreshing to go into public assemblies, if for nothing else than to see the people clean and well-attired, sitting under the illumination of cheerful faces; though there is no need of denying the other side of the picture, namely, that most of those who compose this fine assembly have had some experience in slovenliness and frowning. Nature puts on the paint and external ornament to spare our tender sensibilities, as in like manner, the terminations of the nerves are protected by the stolid cuticle.

Great is paint, great is illusion! Illusion may be the most real part of the play. Are the illusive hopes that shed a radiant charm around the life of youth, less real than the despondency and drooping that have succeeded the bursting of these fine bubbles? The person upon whom you are calling to-day, may have used harsh and unkind speech against you yesterday; but that does not prove that the words of cordial greeting spoken to your face, are not genuine and sincere. Your presence may have banished the darkness that overshadowed the love of your friend, and you have enjoyed the genial reflection of your own light. The sun does not chide as hypocritical our smiling and good cheer in the joy of his returning presence, because a moment ago we sat beneath the clouds in complaining distrust of his beneficent regards for us. The poem may be excellent, though the philosopher may undertake to prove that its grace and beauty are extracts of the slaughter-house whence the poet was fed.

We should be slow and careful in making the charge of hypocrisy. It is illusion a hundred times, or a thousand times, to hypocrisy once. It is not easy to see ourselves as others see us; neither is it necessary that we should look through our neighbor's eyes. His eyes are as apt to be short-sighted and defective as our own. God has kindly furnished each one with organs, which are apt to make his own individual endowment appear bountiful and large. Who would deprive the beggar of the cheap optical illusion which can change his rags into robes as royal as the rainbow!

You shall not strip life bare of its illusions, unless it is to take delight in seeing the streets and houses thronged with ghosts and skeletons; and when you suppose that you have rent the garment of illusion so as to expose life clear of its disguises, it may be that you have only been wrapping yourself deeper in the folds of this seamless robe that bandages the whole of mortal life.

And if there is a skeleton in your closet, it were best not to be too free in exposing it; for the exhibition may produce no better effect

than to set the gossips to speculating as to the value they might put upon it at the anatomical museum.

It is best to have life arrayed in prismatic colors, though the display is produced by our glasses, rather than have it sombre and sad for the sake of getting it more real. For the question will recur: Whether is most real, the illusion or that which is generally accepted as reality?

If the pleasure be real and innocent, it is of little consequence whether it was tinsel or diamond that produced it. So long as we are children deluded with toys, it is only important that the entertainment should be wholesome and agreeable; and if so far successful, what imports it, whether the toys be cheap or dear? Other things being equal, it is better to be happy than wretched, though your happiness subsist upon illusion; for your wretchedness may also live and flourish upon illusion.

There is herein intended no plea for pretension and hypocrisy. But it is a duty each one owes to society, to exhibit to others his most attractive voice and features, whenever he can do it and still be true to the occasion and the hour. Men appear more courteous and refined when in the society of women than at other times; and they appear so because they are so. The good, the beautiful and true, are the only realities, whether their supremacy ends with the hour, or continues through the ages.

Each one views himself with eyes that are unlike his neighbor's; and it is impossible for those whom society pronounces lost and reprobate, to consider themselves as sunk so low as they appear to others. There is no state of hell and degradation in the soul that is not illuminated by some gleams of heaven and supernal regeneration. God supplies balm and consolation to counteract the agony and despair of the worst conditions. We are all folded in sweet, soothing bandages and mantles of illusion. In one way or another, all men are illustrations of that story of the king, who, for the cure of some malady, was advised to wear the shirt of the happiest man in his kingdom; but when the happiest man was found, he was too poor to possess the desiderated article. There is a universal desire to be clothed in the vesture of happiness; but the happy ones are all arrayed in shining robes that were wrought in the subtle loom of their own reason or fancy. Plato mentions a Greek poet, who taught that the future heaven was to consist in a state of perennial inebriation. And there is, no doubt, much truth in this notion, if we take it in a sense to signify the intoxication of finer faculties upon the ætherial essences that distil from the exuberant life and beauty of the Uni-

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verse. It might prove a lean and sorry heaven if all illusion were shut out. The highest spiritual ecstasy borders on insanity. The heaven of love is mainly a heaven of illusion. The lover endows the object of his devotion with qualities and attributes that are in most part creations of his own mind. His own fancy has wrought the halo of light which adorns the object he adores ; and the mistake may be less in worshipping an illusion than in suffering the illusion to vanish.

It is a kindly deception that makes each babe seem the most sweet and lovable to its own mother. The golden and silver mountain of clouds would be a bank of cold vapor and fog if one could arrive at their distant summits.

Our home is in the kingdom of illusion. We count ourselves rich in the possession of such light currency as flatteries, compliments, and self-laudations. The perfumed dandy and the sturdy farmer, the self-righteous religionist and the person of loose and easy habits, look upon each other and make the discovery that they have abundant reason for being thankful that they are not as other men are. There is a true spirit in which each one might repeat the prayer of the Pharisee.

Persons who are but motes in the sunbeam, may imagine themselves to be necessary props and pillars to sustain the huge edifice of society ; and they may wield their sceptres of straw with the complacent feeling that their office can be little lower than that of appointing the observant planets to their respective orbits. Many a little reformer is, to his own observation, playing the part of a giant Hercules, with his massive shoulder pressing hard and propelling the wheels of progress. The proud, sanctimonious pharisee may be honest enough in the illusion that he is one of the chief supports of the moral foundations of the Universe ; and he may well be thankful that he is not as others, who are giving the world permission to topple into ruin and chaos. The dullest hack that plods in the treadmill, may be solaced with the cheating fancy that he is harnessed to the car of the sun and sublimely careering through space.

Our hands would droop oftener than they do now, if we were not deluded into the belief that holding them up will be the means of drawing down victory upon the hosts that are fighting to secure the sanity and safety of the world. Till we are fully born into the life of spiritual insight and obedience, there is need of these exaggerated opinions of our individual importance, to keep us in our places and insure the performance of our tasks. It is like the creed of our Republic, which counts each man a sovereign king, though his actual, relative importance is less than that of the ant in the ant-hill.

And there is also the illusion of death, a spectre in the dark, to check our eager haste, and frighten us back to our appointed tasks. Who would bear the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," if it were not for this spectre that guards the gate of our exit to more future spheres?

One of the worst forms of illusion is literalism. It is paralysis of the imagination, produced by a pressure of facts on the brain. It brings poetry and inspiration upon a level with statistics. It rejects the fine poem, because it does not prove anything, or puts upon it a literal interpretation which robs it of all its sense and meaning. The worst misfortune that can befall a work of true genius and fine imagination, is to be interpreted by one who has neither genius nor imagination. This is an attempt to put the rainbow into an earthen crucible for chemic analysis. It is a process that would exalt the statistician and man of affairs upon the throne of the world, and prove that Milton, and Shakespeare, and Plato, and Jesus, were little better than self-deluded and incoherent babblers.

For the literalist there is no key to the proper solution of the meaning of the world. His mind is pre-occupied with appearances and closed against realities. He has suffered the representative to come betwixt himself and that which it was made to represent. Having dissected the bird which is reported to have produced the golden eggs, he is fully prepared to contradict the rumor; for he has found it a common goose, fit only for roasting and eating. This bird is the world. To those who possess insight and imagination, it is the bird of the golden eggs, the plumage of light, and the song of the spheres; but to the literalist it is simply a goose, which is to be well plucked and set down in the report of the market. The world is not a system of plain literalism. All that is visible is pictorial and representative of the invisible. The invisible substances have cast these hard, opaque shadows that encounter the senses.

The object must be important which calls forth all this array of illusion. The child is supposed to be worth more than all the expense of toys and trinkets that are provided for its amusement and education; and it must be that man, for whom this wide kingdom of illusion has been prepared, is, in his own person, of some weight and importance in the system. Magnificent plays and spectacles are not prepared for imbeciles and beggars. If the gods assist in planning the games and shifting the scenes, it follows that it is no insignificant personage who is to be instructed and entertained.

All things conspire to teach the importance of the individual; and when we arrive at pure insight, we shall no longer have any need of

such props and poultices as self-esteem and vanity to sustain us. We shall then subsist upon the same right and authority which sustains whatever is real and permanent in the Universe. We are more than chips and filings and empty vapors cast out from the vast laboratory of nature. The illusion derives its grandeur from the individual that beholds it. And it is no illusion to suppose that our best life and effort are dear and necessary to God.

There remains always the choice betwixt the lower and the higher, the finer and the coarser illusions. We have power to choose whether the creations of fancy that throng our waking dreams shall be goblins and fiends, or messengers from the realms of light.

It may be that man is contending with the winds and waves upon a boundless ocean of illusion, or traversing in triumphal cars the glowing regions of fancy; the brilliant pageantry of battle, and the superb trappings of victory may be such stuff as dreams are made of; but behind all this show and glare of prepared scenery, remain forever the reality of heroism, the joy and consolation of beauty, the glory of manhood or womanhood, and the divine majesty of virtue.

ENLIGHTENMENTS.

BY JAIRUS.

THE ORGAN GRINDERS. — I commend the good moral sentiment of the following, which is taken from the *Boston Evening Commercial*.

"The organ grinders and harpers have opened the spring and summer campaign with unusual vigor. The city, from morn till dewy eve and into the night, is resonant with music. A disciple of Jeremy Bentham, the utilitarian philosopher, doubtless regards a sturdy peasant from Genoa or Savoy, with strong thews and sinews, engaged in grinding Dixie's Land or the Marseillaise among a group of little boys and girls for a few coppers thrown at him out of a window, as a nuisance, and as guilty of a wretched misapplication of muscle. On the score of utility there is not much to be said for the organ grinders, it is true.

"But they do good, after all. In such a thoroughfare as State street, where the sons of Mammon most do congregate, a stray air from an organ, with its pathetic appeal to the sense of harmony, makes its hearers aware that there are other emotions besides the purely selfish ones in the human breast. Even on the score of utility these poor organ-grinders need not blush in the presence of professional politicians and professional office-holders. They have come all the way from the land of art and song to keep alive, in our purely *business* population, the sense of the beautiful and harmonious. Their expectations are very moderate. They are satisfied

to carry back to their native country a very moderate competency. They bring hither with them a certain odor of Italy. Mignon and the Blind Harper, in the novel of Wilhelm Meister, were wandering minstrels like our organ-grinders. It was they who sang that most beautiful of all songs:

“ ‘ Know'st thou the land, where the citrons bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose ? ’ ”

“ That land, it is needless to say, is Italy, and it is just now said to be pretty well crowded with Americans. The young girls who accompany our organ-grinders, are not many of them Mignons, but are for the most part poor, jaded-looking creatures, with but little of the mysterious sentiment and wild longing for their fair Southern fatherland, which found utterance in the songs of Goethe's little heroine. It is singular that the organ-grinders are not interfered with by some of our meddlesome Pharisees, who begrudge the laboring man a cheap ride in the horse cars on Sunday, and would fain compel him and his family either to walk into the country on that day, for a sniff of fresh air, or else pay the exorbitant charge of a livery stable keeper. Small evangelical parsons have always been famous for cant. The Rev. Gradgrind and Stiggins are fair representatives of the class.

“ But to return to our street musicians. It seems that they form a regularly *organized* body, guild or fraternity, with some kind of a Head Centre. Years ago they used to stray into the rural districts. Now and then, a dark-eyed gypsy-girl, decidedly fascinating, accompanied the wandering minstrel. The harpers, male and female, seem to be much more given to roving than the organ-grinders. The facilities for travel enable them to pass all over the country in a single season, dispensing music from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes, and up and down all the navigable rivers. In autumn, at the cattle fairs and agricultural gatherings, we have native minstrels, who alternately sing and fiddle, and sell soap or some highly detergent liquid, warranted to remove all spots and stains from garments. Such itinerant venders, if witty and possessed of a good voice, drive a flourishing business.

“ Their musical gift draws them a plenty of customers. The New York Organ-grinders sent a regiment to the war, at the breaking out of the rebellion, under a colonel who unfortunately got into Sing Sing for his peculations and frauds on the government.

“ The most tragical fact in the history of street musicians, is the death of the English artist Leech, who died of organ grinders. But he was the victim of a morbid sensitiveness.”

SOMETHING WILL COME OF IT. — There is nothing that annoys me more than to hear the idle gossip of such people as have no other business in life but to advise others, and make ignorant comments on their modes of living. The gist of very much of their talk runs thus: “ You had a great deal better

be doing something else than what you are doing." (This might well be said of the advisers themselves to the extent that their gossip is concerned, at least.) Now I protest in behalf of all free people that they be allowed to do what they love to do, and to keep their own ways in peace and hope. For I believe that nothing innocent and good in itself which any person ever did was ever done amiss. Who knows what varied service Emergencies will demand? And every person of wit and purpose in life must face, at least, a dozen of those angels in disguise. A wide culture is not adverse to singleness of aim, and Genius is not hindered but served by it. I commend to my readers the following anecdote of Stewart:

"Stewart made up his mind to go to London and see if he could not be a painter, as West had become. He seems to have taken with him a full stock of poverty, enthusiasm, and hope—a painter's capital—poor fellow! He expected to find Waterhouse in London, who would help him, but he was gone off to Edinburg; and so he found himself, one day when his money was all gone, wandering around the "dreary solitude" of London—as Johnson delighted to characterize the dreadful hum of that crowded city. He went by the church door in Foster Lane, where he heard an organ playing. He stopped upon the threshold, and the pew-woman told him what was going on, that the vestry were together testing the candidates for the post of organist. He went in boldly; asked if he might try. He was told he could. He did. He succeeded, got the place and a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a year. So much for the musical genius he had cultivated in America, where wise people were telling him he had better leave off serenading girls at night, (for he used to do such things; the lady of a British officer in Newport told Trumbull that he spent the last night he passed in Newport under the window of a friend of her's, playing the lute,) and go to work. It gave him bread now in the wilderness of London, where he needed nothing else."

Nothing good or beautiful, I say, was ever done amiss, though done only for pure pleasure's sake. SOMETHING WILL COME OF IT: SOMETHING "PRACTICAL."

REHABILITATION. — [Dr. Cumming, of London, the Second Advent preacher, apologises for Cain, because he could never have seen a dead human being, known anything about death, or that a blow might destroy vitality; so that his guilt was only manslaughter.]

If Cumming thus can overrule the Lord,
Where are the books and all that they record?
Surely will Cain transported be hereafter;
For him, manslaughter; for his judge, man's laughter.
But Cumming, from the Church, for all his pain
Will get transferred to him the mark of Cain.
Meantime Truth says to each and every girder,
The Letter kills! And that's the worst of murder.

A WHITSUNTIDE WREATH.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THE French Emperor in the new volume of his "Life of Cæsar" shows me a probability that out here on Wimbledon Common, where I hasten with each returning Spring, Cæsar marched after his first landing in Britain, and that these old trenches around our vine-covered cottage mark where his first great battle was fought. Cæsar is dead; Vercingetorix is dead; the Roman dynasty in Britain is dead. But the nightingales which sang those soldiers in their tents to sleep so many thousands of years ago, last night sang me to sleep, and this morning the same sunshine softly unsealed my eyes, and the same vocal sunshine (that of the larks) my ears, which unsealed those who rest in nameless graves beneath the grass and flowers, which also bloom to-day as then. For those men with their ambitions and their aims there was no immortality on earth; but as I stroll over this Common, and to the Thames, and on its banks, there are the very same beauties blooming below, soaring, singing above which bloomed of old. Nay, the warriors did not even live in the gardens of poets, but every flower and bird blooms or sings there. How thrilling is it to walk these fields and river-banks and feel that one is seeing the very daffodils, daisies, and violets, and listening to the very larks and cuckoos and nightingales, which the blessed bards looked on and wove into the divine sky-tinted gauze with which they have invested this old island — which with all her faults the lover of poetry must love still! As I lately strolled beside the Thames and saw two lovely swans softly floating out below Hampton Court, and near by a group of girls gathering flowers, I felt as if Spenser might have been the very coinage of that scene, and might be a spirit yet hovering over it. Perhaps on that mossy rock there he sat and wrote: —

"There in a meadow by the river's side
A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby. . . .
Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gathered some; the violet, pallid blue,
The little daisy that at evening closes,
The virgin lily and the primrose true. . . .
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.
With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down the lee;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strow
Did never whiter show."

I veer a little, entering a pleasant grove where the birds are lustily rehearsing the same old madrigal which some hundreds of years ago Nash, walking here, heard them at, and caught in the springes of a lyric: —

"Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant King;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,

A Whitsuntide Wreath.

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Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!"

And was it not this very morning that old Drummond of Hawthornden saw
"ensafroning sea and air"? Was it not here that the Passionate Shepherd
promised his love

A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle?"

And may not *he* have wandered hither, the great unrecognized one, — un-
recognized even by himself, — from the great city lonelier to him than the
fields? Never see I a lark rising from its nest in the lowly gorse, and
ascending slowly — straightly (as if on a sunbeam ladder) — showering
back such sounds as sparkling dew-drops and the eyes of infants might
yield had they voices, — ever upward until it has become against the blue a
quivering visible trill of music, — but I remember what it sang to Shakes-
peare: —

"Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee — and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

— The successors, imitators, of the Cæsars, of tyrants, of
mean self-seekers, are about as ugly to-day as ever. They do not improve
under close observation in point of time. Bismark, Victor Emmanuel,
Louis Napoleon, Andy Johnson are not lovely beings too look upon. It is
not lovely to see America crouching under ex-slavemasters, and trying to
defraud the lowly. And one sometimes goes to bed listening to Philomel
with her breast against a thorn, when her burden seems to be that of
Bacon: —

"Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease,

We are worse in peace; —

What then remains, but that we still should cry

For being born, or, being born, to die?"

But in the morning there are the nameless unmarked graves of dead ambi-
tions beneath the living scented grass; there are the moss-conquered con-
querors; and the lark sings on over them — as will the thrush and the
robin one day sing over our forgotten graves of wrongs and wrong-doers in
America. Human hearts will also beat for justice, and aspire to noble
ideals, instead of meannesses and cruelties. And so: —

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat —
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall we see
No enemy, — "

no, not even "winter and rough weather," which are no enemies but friends, — Will Shakespeare to the contrary, notwithstanding.

What a pity our mornings will not last. 'Stay, thou art fair !' In vain. No flower more surely fades than that superb daily dawn-bloom of the East which all things greet. And, forsooth, every minor bloom must ape that Auroral one, and expand or close as it comes or goes. "How well," — so sings Marvell : —

"How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiac run :
And as it works the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we,
And could such sweet and wholesome hours,
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers !"

Well did the ancients deify the Sun : are not all things made in his image and likeness, are not all living things less or larger sunlets ? — as apple-blossoms, butterflies, stars ? Or say some great and just cause climbs the horizon : is it not a sun ? No man can truly and deeply find joy except directly, or indirectly from that light. In its waxing its rays organize themselves into a myriad of beings and appliances. Men mark their lives and the life of their generation by it as a dial ; by the old errors and wrongs closing, by the truths unfolding in fair growths and victories. Chaos withering like a weed, Paradise opening ; every age has seen this repeated, but few have perceived it. Let us take courage — so far as is permitted those who must work desperately. Sometimes — in remembering how Nature refuses to repeat herself. Thomas Paine told the parsons that he had just been through their sacred grove and cut down many of their trees ; "you may," he said, "and doubtless will, go and stick them in the ground again, and try and make people believe that they are growing because they are yet green ; but they will never grow again." Poor Milton groaned when he saw the baubles and follies of royalty apparently brought back again from where Cromwell had driven them ; De Tocqueville saw the empire fastened upon his country after the great earthquake in Paris which seemed to swallow it up ; and I fear that Wendell Phillips may yet see Slavery enthroned at Washington. But it will be only the wraith of the thing that is ever seen thus : things — especially bad things, can never really be got back where they were before. The Restoration which Milton saw was no restoration at all, but the phantom of one. We know that this is so with the things we love and would fain recall ; let not our weak faith ascribe a greater permanence or vitality to things foul than to things fair.

Forms beautiful and true can survive only by resurrection in higher forms ; but there is no downward, no infernal resurrection. The wages of sin is — DEATH.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

LONDON, May, 1866.

THE BOSTON REVIVAL, AND ITS LEADER.

BY CHARLES K. WHIFFLE.

HAVING, in former years, had experience of the method of commencing and conducting "revivals" in six different towns in this State, and seeing, near the beginning of the present year, that preparations were making to produce one on a very large scale in Boston, I thought it worth while to spend some time in observing the movements preparatory to it, taking note of the machinery employed in it, marking the successive stages of its development, and examining the character and tendency of such results as should appear from it. In particular I wished to learn these two things, namely: whether the leaders would keep themselves within the bounds of truth and honesty in the various steps of this great effort to draw people into their churches; and whether any result attained would exceed what might reasonably be expected from the character and amount of the human machinery set in operation. It is to the results of this investigation that I now ask attention.

At or before the beginning of the present year, Dr. Nehemiah Adams began a series of "revival measures" at his church in Essex street, in this city. Extra prayer-meetings were held, special sermons preached, printed invitations sent to outside sinners to walk in and be provided for. The results of these measures were so very moderate, that greater efforts and new coadjutors were found necessary. So, on the 19th of January, a Council of the Orthodox Congregational churches of Boston was called by Dr. Adams and his church, and invited to assemble in the Essex street meeting-house and advise what measures should next be taken.

The problem seemed not an easy one, since it was only at the third adjourned meeting that a plan of action was adopted by the Reverends and laymen of the Council. They, however, showed themselves skilful and practical men, since after long discussions, the elaborate report of a committee, and the pruning of that report by the sagacious managers assembled, it was unanimously agreed among them that *the tools must be sharpened*.

The first measure proposed by the Council for getting the instruments of revivalism into working order was, a "renewal of covenant" by the members of each church concerned, after the preaching of appropriate sermons by their ministers. The second was that, immediately after

this manipulation (that is, on the evening of the third Sunday in March), there should be "united communion services" in the Park street meeting-house, that the work already done might be fortified. The third was that addresses written by the ministers of the churches concerned should be printed and circulated among the church-members, plainly setting before them "*the means* through which we hope for a renewal of the work of the Holy Spirit among us." Eleven subjects for these addresses are specified.

Next among the recommendations of the Council came "Observance of the Sabbath." They were convinced "that the services of the Lord's day ought to be considered *supreme* above all other times and means of grace," and they earnestly urged attendance "on *both* the services usually held" — a duty which they declared to be too much neglected by church-members as well as others.

Fifth, the Council recommended to the pastors great plainness and distinctness in preaching upon what they called the "primal truths of God's Word," namely: "Man's total alienation from God; His divine justice in the eternal punishment of the wicked; the new birth; salvation through faith in Christ."

Chief among the remaining recommendations of the Council were the following: co-operation between different churches by union prayer-meetings; an increase in the number of social prayer-meetings held by each church for itself; a systematic visitation of the members of each church by "competent and experienced Christians;" a co-operation of all the churches with whichever one of them may appoint "protracted meetings;" the use of the Sabbath School "as a means of drawing children and others into the services of the sanctuary;" the use of lay preachers "under the supervision and with the co-operation of the pastor;" and, finally, the diligent prosecution of a work already in progress, namely, the apportionment of the city into districts, and the assignment of a district to each church for its religious care, by which "the religious condition of every family should be known, and not a child unconnected with any Sabbath School should remain unsought."

A trial was then made, for several weeks, of diligent use of the measures above indicated. But, the results continuing small and unsatisfactory, though three months had elapsed since Dr. Adams's preparations were begun, and though, during the latter part of that time, the efforts of *all* the Orthodox Congregational ministers and churches of Boston had been concentrated on the work—it was decided to call in the aid of a professional "expert," and Rev. A. B. Earle, an experienced "revivalist," was desired to take charge of the movement. This he did with great zeal and vigor, and it must be acknowledged, with very great skill. He had, besides the reputation of twenty years successful management of this sort of work, the *prestige* of a very great revival just carried through in Chelsea; and his competence for the engineering department, the work of direction and persuasion, was so manifest, that sundry of those who had hitherto been prominent leaders, lay and clerical, immediately grouped themselves around him,

followed his lead, gave him the advantage of their hearty co-operation, and seemed to rely upon his preaching, and praying as chief among the movements of the campaign.

Still another advantage was gained by giving this person the leadership, because, being a Baptist, he could bring the Baptist churches and clergy to co-operate in the movement. And he not only did so, but took advantage of this unwonted combination to represent, with lawyer-like ingenuity, that this was not a "sectarian" movement. As if a temporary union of two like-minded sects in an effort to bring grist into the mills of both, and a temporary avoidance (for the purpose of success in this combination) of controversy in regard to the single point on which they differ, could take them out of the category of sectarianism! Never were the vices and evils of sectarianism more manifest than in the *group* of sects that have associated themselves under the self-assumed epithet "Evangelical." Their action, both separate and combined, forms one of the greatest obstacles to the diffusion of true Christianity.

The prominent characteristics of Mr. Earle's method in revival meetings are the following:—

1. His first point is seriously to alarm his hearers, alike in his exhortations and prayers, leading them to believe that God is dangerous to them, that their ordinary course of life is a progress towards hell, that sudden death would hopelessly doom them to everlasting burnings, and that, even before death, they may at any time commit "the unpardonable sin," and thus be condemned, while yet in life and health. He gives harrowing illustrations of the despair of some who have supposed themselves thus doomed, and reminds his hearers that some among them may perhaps be examples of that terrible fate, if they do not at once secure themselves from it. Of these various assumptions he speaks as if they were certain and unquestionable truths.

2. His statement of the method of escaping these dangers, of obtaining insurance against the fire of hell, and securing immediately a *through ticket* for heaven, consists merely of the following formula:—"Give yourself to Jesus, now, just as you are." Whatever this may mean, the sincere doing of it is represented as sufficient and decisive. At least, this is the first representation, when the address is to new comers who are to be persuaded to take the first step.

3. He makes incessant and importunate appeals to God for *immediate* results, and *great* results, of the labors now in progress. On this point his petition is made in one or the other of these two formulas; he asks God to "open the windows of heaven," (a distant place where He habitually dwells) "and pour out a blessing"—or else to "come" from that distant place, and "manifest his power" in the room where the petition is made; and in either case, he importunately urges that this prayer be answered now, *now*, now; in this very hour; before this meeting shall separate; and he urges also that a *great* blessing be given; that *all* the churches may be enlarged; and that Boston may be shaken by a revival greater than any ever yet known here.

4. Equally urgent appeal is made to those of his hearers who have not yet "given themselves to Jesus" to make that surrender now, *now, now*. He importunes them for an immediate decision. Will they give themselves to Jesus, and give themselves *now*? These are the only questions. In the old-fashioned revivals (with which the writer has been very intimately acquainted) the processes of conviction of sin, repentance for sin, and conversion to holiness were accurately described, strongly insisted on, and declared each to be indispensable. But, after having heard Mr. Earle in a dozen meetings, of various sorts, I recall no instance of his using the *word* repentance, or alluding to the *thing*. The purport of his counsel I understand to have been that the sinner need not trouble himself about his sins; Jesus would take care of them; all he has got to do is to "give himself to Jesus."

But why should the hearer take the counsel of this stranger, Mr. Earle, of whom perhaps he never heard before? My next item will give the answer to this question.

5. Throughout Mr. Earle's exhortations and addresses are scattered numerous scraps of incidental evidence implying that he enjoys a very rare and remarkable intimacy with God, and that he has great power with Him. Mr. Earle's prayers, according to his own account, have been frequently and extraordinarily successful in obtaining the blessings asked, in the absence of all external indications that success might be expected. He quotes very numerous instances — not in one mass of evidence, as if he sought to claim and prove the power in question, but individually, and as if each case were naturally recalled to his mind by the topic in hand — of persons who came to him after long seeking relief from various other sources, and in so many minutes, or hours, or days, obtained at once present comfort and the assurance of salvation. These alone — naturally and skilfully introduced as they are, with references to place and date, and graphic touches of description of the person benefited, (a lawyer, a business-man, a wealthy and fashionable lady, a poor woman whose husband was at sea, &c., &c.) — would be likely to give his patients the needful trust in his power to bring their cases also to a happy termination. But this is not all. Mr. Earle has minute knowledge (and knowledge which could only have come from special Divine communication) of what has been and is going on in heaven and hell. Speaking of the danger of disobeying God, he said — "When the angels ran up the rebel flag in heaven, God immediately put them in chains, millions of them, and threw them over the battlements, and they remain still chained, in hell." Speaking of the feelings of the angels at the time of the crucifixion of Jesus, he said — "From Friday noon to Sunday morning not a note was sung in heaven! All the golden harps were silent!" Speaking of the sort of prayers that needed to be offered, he said — "Cold prayers won't do. It is only fervent, agonizing prayers that go up into the golden vials, from which the blessing is to be poured out. We cannot hope for a revival here unless Christians are in an agony. The golden vials are not yet ready!" — Again, speaking of the preparation made in heaven for

any who had given themselves to Jesus during the prayer which he was then offering, he said — "The spotless robe is all done up now, ready for their acceptance?"

But this is not all the evidence of Mr. Earle's Divine commission, and of his competence to be a spiritual director. He holds long conversations with God, and with Jesus, (who to him *is* God,) some of which he minutely reports to his audiences. Two or three times during my attendance on his services he announced that he had changed, in obedience to Heavenly direction, the sermon which he had intended to give that day. One morning when he had severely rebuked the ministers, deacons and church members present, on account of what he stigmatized as the coldness of their prayers, (though to do those brethren justice, I had never heard more fervent petitions in any successful revival than the ones so stigmatized,) he said — "I have changed the sermon to-day, because *Christ sends word* that we are to send him *agonizing* prayers." On another occasion, encouraging his audience confidently to expect *now* that "opening of the windows of heaven" for which they were about to pray, he said — "While I was on my knees in my room this morning, *Jesus promised me* that he would grant the prayers next to be offered in Park St. Church!" Again, in one of the long conversations which he declares himself to hold with God, and which he reports minutely to some of his audiences, (adding that this particular interview had shown him an unsuspected amount of "rebellion" existing in his own heart,) — God put the question to him whether he would consent to go beyond the distant Western point where he was then laboring, and never return home, and *never see his wife again* in this world? After hesitating, and being severely rebuked for hesitation, he consented to this sacrifice. Then the same demand was made in regard to the oldest of his children; then to the second; then to the third; then to the fourth; then to the fifth, the youngest, the most cherished. He describes at length his agonizing pleas that the sight of one of these cherished ones might be granted him. In vain! After a terrible struggle, he succeeded in overcoming his parental as well as his conjugal affections, and consented never to live with, or even to see, wife or child again. And this he seriously represents as a triumph of faith on his part, and as a means of bringing him into a higher state of religious peace! Thus, and through the results of other such interviews, he became entitled to the fulfilment of the *promises* made to faith. The advantage, then, of asking *his* prayers, and following *his* directions, is obvious.

It should be said here, to prevent misconception, that none of these things are said in a boastful manner. Mr. Earle seems neither to be a vain man, nor to be uplifted in spirit by intimacy with the Divinity exactly such as the Old Testament claims for Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Joshua and Elijah. He seems to use these amazing pretensions not for vain glory, but merely with skilful adaptation of means to an end, namely, to draw more of his hearers under "revival" influence.

6. When, by these means and others, Mr. Earle has excited, in an in-

tense degree, the confidence of a portion of the audience in his skill and trustworthiness, the wisdom of following his directions, and the safety of joining the side on which he is — he proceeds to demand of the persons thus magnetized some present open manifestation of their feelings, or wishes, or intentions. Having attracted, or excited, or alarmed, or otherwise influenced them, the next great point is to induce them to “commit themselves” before the audience. It is not enough that God knows their relation to Him. The managers of the “revival” must know their relation to *that*! And in his direction of this part of the business, as much as in any part, Mr. Earle shows the masterly skill which he has attained.

His method is to arrange the succession of his calls for open manifestation of feeling before the audience in such manner as to produce, in case of success, a cumulative and imposing demonstration, or, in case of failure, to cover it with the appearance of success. This will be seen to be always feasible if we remember that these revival audiences always consist, in great part, of church members and officers, pledged to do their part towards the promotion of the revival, and standing ready to second any motion of its leader.

The great object is to gain new converts to be made members of the churches. One of the tracts above mentioned as prepared for the use of this Boston revival is entitled, “The duty of Christians to unite with some Church, and the duty of Church members to unite with the Church where they stately worship.” But, before they can join the church, they must pass through its prescribed transformation, and conform themselves to its creed and its customs. So, in the early stages of a revival, when a particular audience has become ripe for *manifestation*, the chief desire of the leaders is to call forth from outsiders requests for prayers *for themselves*. “Are there any here who, feeling their need of a Saviour, wish to ask the prayers of Christians?” inquires Mr. Earle; and then he continues — “I want to go down now and kneel before the pulpit; let all those who really feel the need of prayer for their souls’ salvation come forward and kneel with me.” If this appeal, repeated in varied terms, is unsuccessful, he tries the next grade of impressibility. “Will any of you who desire prayer stand up in your places, and show, before God and man, that you are in earnest in seeking salvation? Let any one who feels this desire rise, either on the floor or in the gallery!” If various appeals of this sort bring no one up, and the thing seems, for the present, to be a failure, Mr. Earle falls back upon his reserved body, and asks — “If there is any *Christian* here who does not have access to the throne, who feels himself in a cold, declining state, will he now make request for the prayers of God’s people?” If this appeal, repeated and varied, calls forth no response, the next one is sure to bring some answers. “Does any Christian desire to present for prayer the case of an unconverted relative or friend? Is no one here so interested for a son or a daughter, a husband or a brother, as to ask prayers for their salvation?” This appeal, which the practiced revivalist knows how to make very moving, calls up some of the female church members, (who

constitute from three-quarters to nine-tenths of the meetings preliminary to a revival,) and the desired point of *manifestation* is gained for that time, while the prayers which follow are so expressed as to make the unconverted ones who did not rise feel as if they may have lost their last chance of salvation, and bring them nearer to the point of rising, or even kneeling, in the next meeting.

In the later meetings, after some converts are known to have been secured, the production of these impressive scenes of manifestation is comparatively easy. These new proselytes are as clay in the hands of the potter, and are happy to be made use of in forwarding what they really think to be *God's* work. They rise, and come forward, and kneel, and testify, exactly as prompted by the leader, or, if any hesitation appears, he speedily brings them up by the sarcasm — "Those who are *ashamed* of Jesus need not come! If there is a single soul here ashamed of Christ, let him keep his seat!"

The most effective of Mr. Earle's manifestation movements is kneeling. At the commencement of a series of revival meetings he introduces the subject by saying that, in one point of view, the position of the body is immaterial in the sight of God, and yet the attitude of humility must be considered best. Moreover, he has always observed that the truly devout spirit "wishes to get down low before God." He himself always kneels in prayer, and makes special efforts to get the co-operating ministers, and deacons, and "brethren" to kneel around him. This not only makes an impressive spectacle at the time, but it smooths the way for the young converts, of whom the same demonstration is soon to be asked. All who are interested are desired to "come forward" and kneel. He fills, if possible, the space in front of the pulpit with kneeling persons; "inquirers," if so many can be brought forward — then converts — then persons who feel some desire, any, *the least* desire to become Christians. When the space around him is filled thus, he desires others to come to the front part of the aisles and kneel — he urges the occupants of the gallery to come down to the floor and kneel — *those that are not ashamed of Jesus* — and, having secured as many as possible by these methods, which he dictates in a very deliberate manner, announcing the numbers who answer his call as they appear, he finally requests all the remaining occupants of the house to kneel in their pews, and commences his prayer.

Mr. Earle said in Park Street church on the first day of May, "I have lately been reading much of the New Testament *on my knees*, and I mean to read the whole of it so, if God spares my life long enough." On another occasion he exhibited to the audience a little manuscript book, which he called his Consecration-book." In it, many years ago, he had written, *on his knees*, a renewed consecration of himself to God. But the influence not lasting as he had expected, he felt obliged in time to repeat the performance, writing and signing it again on his knees. To shorten the story which he told at considerable length, he had found it necessary to try this method of self-fortification no less than twenty-seven times, so much "rebellion" still

remained in his heart. Perhaps it is quite as well that he should *not* find peace and rest through such processes. Perhaps he might advantageously try a discontinuance of the attempt to manufacture new duties, and apply himself to the performance of the duties which *God* has appointed.

7. There appeared incidentally, in the course of Mr. Earle's exhortations, a very remarkable obtuseness, or rather insensibility, on his part, to moral distinctions — the difference between truth and falsehood — the difference between right and wrong. Not only did he make, very freely, the pretences above alluded to of special direction from Jesus in the management of his meetings — not only did he constantly make the other false assertions which ministers of his sect (and his group of sects) are accustomed to make, such as that *God said* whatever this, that or the other writer in Old or New Testament wrote — but I noticed that, when he was relating his deliberate pledge to abandon his wife and children, he seemed not to have the slightest idea, either that he was thereby violating real duties — duties that the *true* God had *certainly* imposed on him — or that the strong impression which had led his mind in that direction was a morbid, erroneous and delusive one. He seemed not once to have thought, either that it is *impossible* for God to contradict himself and undo his own work, or (looking at the matter comparatively) that mistake on the part of himself, a fallible mortal, was *infinitely* more probable than that God should give a special command in direct opposition to his *general* command.

In Mr. Earle's scriptural readings, in the passages of the Bible which he selected as containing models for the imitation of his hearers, the same peculiarity appeared. One of his favorite passages is the parable of "the unjust judge." One of the most constant expectations that he holds out is that petitioners may tease God into compliance by importunity, as the woman in Scripture did the *unjust* judge. He said: "God's way is to put you off as long as possible, until you let him know that you *must* have help, that you are *determined* to gain a blessing." It seems never to have occurred to him, either that this representation is unjust to the true God, the Heavenly Father, or that an ignorant and fallible being had better not *insist* upon particular requests while addressing the All-wise and Infallible. "Thy will be done," is worth all the dictatory and mandatory prayers that revivalists ever puffed upward.

Two of Mr. Earle's favorite passages of the Bible, read to prepare for the inculcation of "self-consecration" and of "faith," are the narratives of the unprovoked killing, by the children of Levi, of three thousand of their Hebrew brethren, on the representation of Moses that God commanded it, and of the marauding expedition of the Hebrew host against Jericho, undertaken for the express purpose of killing every living thing in that city, "both man and woman, young and old, and ox, sheep and ass, with the edge of the sword," on the representation of Joshua that God commanded it. The former of these transactions is related as follows:

"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who *is* on the Lord's side? *Let him come* unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered

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themselves together unto him. And he said unto them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, *and* go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor. And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses: and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men. For Moses had said, Consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, even every man upon his son and upon his brother; that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day."

Mr. Earle seems a kind-hearted man, and teaches that men in these days should treat each other kindly, even in case of the extremest diversity of religious opinion and practice, as if he thought that *God* would have them act thus. But, in reading the barbarous command and the barbarous execution of it above quoted, resulting solely from a difference of religious opinion and practice, he not only seemed utterly unconscious of the truth that such orders *could* not have come from the true God, but he dwelt upon the details with deliberate emphasis, adding, at the close of that record of ferocious slaughter — "This was the consecration!"

I have said above that Mr. Earle represents to his hearers that he holds a conversational intimacy with the Deity, exactly such as the Old Testament claims for Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Joshua and Elijah. Suppose he should go a step further. Suppose he should tell an individual convert that Jehovah commands him, as an evidence of faith and obedience, to cut the throat of his only son! Suppose he should tell the whole body of his converts in Park St. church that Jehovah commands them to take, each man, such weapons as he possesses, and go out and "consecrate themselves" upon such Unitarians, and Universalists, and Spiritualists as they might meet in the streets of Boston, to the number of three thousand! They would utterly refuse, in spite of the example of similar *consecration*, for a similar diversity of religious belief and practice, read to them from the Old Testament as the positive command of the same Jehovah. The customs of Park street do not go so far as that. When, on the afternoon of Saturday, March 6th, 1858, in the course of a revival engineered by Mr. Finney, about forty persons assembled in Park St. vestry to pray that God would "remove" Theodore Parker out of the way — or else "send confusion and distraction into his study" — or else "confound him, so that he shall not be able to speak" when he next entered the pulpit — probably no one of those devout imprecators thought of "consecrating himself" upon Mr. Parker by smiting him under the fifth rib. Times have changed very much since the Old Testament times. But my point is that, if Mr. Earle *had* chosen to make such a statement, his Park St. converts would have had precisely the same reason for literal obedience as the Hebrews had for obeying the command of Joshua. Are we to do a cruel, a barbarous, an atrociously wicked thing, because a person in whom we have full confidence declares that God commands it? The Hebrews voted "yes," and did it, though some of them probably felt a sensation of repugnance while butchering the little babies of Jericho and their mothers. The people of Park

St. would vote "no," even if Mr. Earle should declare that God commanded a similar "consecration" on their part. They would doubt even Mr. Earle first. Yet strange to say, not one of them even begins to suspect that the Hebrews *ought* to have doubted Joshua! The rectitude of that transaction must be swallowed whole, without question! Is it not in the Bible?

The Boston revival *seems* now, May 22d, to be dwindling away, this result having begun to appear very shortly after the retirement of Mr. Earle, whose physical strength has suffered from his indefatigable labors. His vigor and skill, and readiness of resource, and unflinching determination, were help in time of need to the Boston ministers.

"One blast upon his bugle horn,
Were worth a thousand men."

They will probably have him here again as soon as his health will allow. But, whether he returns or not, considerable additions to the churches may be expected for some time to come, not only because even the gleanings are rich after such a reaper, but because far greater results than have yet appeared must be expected as the natural fruit of three months' labor by so very large a force as that here employed. When thirteen other Orthodox Congregational churches combined themselves with Dr. Adams's church for the express purpose of undertaking this work, (all "renewing their church covenant," in the hope of giving the movement greater efficiency,) this represented (if we take the average church membership as 300,) 4,200 persons. The addition of four Baptist churches on the coming of Mr. Earle, would swell this number to 5,400. Even if we suppose half of these unfaithful or otherwise ineffective, there will still remain 2,700 active workers, plying with solicitations all those among their families, neighbors, friends, and business acquaintances, who are out of the church, and persuading them, as fast as possible, to go where the ministers and deacons will have a fair chance at them. If we remember that all the attendants on Orthodox churches have had a foundation laid in their minds, from their earliest childhood, adapted to make such solicitations as these effective, we shall see that very large results may be expected, as a matter of course, to follow the labors of so many and such enthusiastic workers, directed by the most skilful leaders, and extended over so long a period of time. If this vast force could be so enlightened as to teach true religion apart from superstition — if they would propagate that genuine Gospel which Jesus summed up as consisting of love to God and love to man, instead of following the traditions of the elders — if they would diffuse the knowledge of a God *worthy* of love and obedience, always present and always accessible to every human being, and requiring no intermediate functionary to introduce to Him His own children, and to prevail on him by intercessions to attend to the wants of the immortal souls which He created — they might do a work really beneficent and valuable. Their actual work, from present appearances, merits neither of these epithets; however earnest and sincere may have been the purposes of the great majority of these laborers.

SENTENCES OF JOUBERT.

BY JOSEPH MARVIN.

Questions show the volume of the mind, and answers the firmness.

There are minds which resemble convex or concave mirrors, which represent objects as they receive them, but which do not always receive them as they are.

To hold ideas forcibly is nothing ; the essential thing is to have forcible ideas ; that is to say, in which there is a great power of truth. Now, truth and its forces do not depend at all upon the head. A man is often regarded as able who holds head against objections ; but that is only the force of attitude. A blunt dart hurled by a strong hand can strike forcibly, because it goes from body to body ; but strong lungs and obstinacy cannot give any real efficacy to a feeble idea forcibly uttered, because mind only goes to mind.

Unveracity of mind comes from insincerity of heart ; it proceeds from a secret desire for a proper opinion, and not for the true opinion. An untruthful mind is untruthful in all things, as a squint eye always looks askew. But one may be deceived one time, a hundred times, without having a treacherous mind. It is only where the heart is false that the mind becomes so.

There is a feebleness of body which proceeds from strength of mind, and a feebleness of mind which comes of strength of body.

A mind has some force so long as it has the force to complain of its weakness.

There is in certain minds a nucleus of error which attracts and assimilates all to itself.

Sometimes the greatest minds are nevertheless unreliable. They are constructed much like the compass, but in which the needle, impaired by the influence of some surrounding bodies, turns always to the north.

All legitimate authority ought to delight in its extent *and in its limits*.

To talk always of prosperity and of commerce, is to talk as a merchant and not as a philosopher. To conduce only to the (pecuniary) enrichment of the people, is to operate in finance and not in legislation.

As the barbarian sacrifices his subsistence to his appetite, the despot sacrifices his interest to his power ; his reign devours the reign of his successors.

The direction of the mind is more important than its progress.

Never cut what you can untie.

Virtue by calculation is the virtue of vice.

Incredulity is only a manner of deportment of the mind ; but irreligion is a veritable vice of the heart. It enters into the sentiment of honor for that which is divine, of disdain for men, and of hatred for amiability and simplicity.

The same conviction unites more men than equal learning ; this is without doubt because convictions come from the heart.

There is a great difference between credulity and faith ; the former is a natural defect of the mind, the latter is a virtue ; the first is the effect of extreme feebleness ; the second arises from a sweet and laudable docility, entirely compatible with strength of mind, and which is indeed extremely favorable to it.

It is necessary to be religious with *naïveté*, *abandon* and *bonhomie*, and not with *dignité* and *bon ton*, gravely and mathematically.

TWO NATIONAL DREAMS.

THE abiding jealousy felt in England towards the United States has many causes, some of them just, more perhaps unjust, but one of them very strong and very little noticed. This is the difference in the forecast which Englishmen and Americans make as to their own destiny. Some cause, which is very difficult to trace, but which is possibly the absence of hereditary anxiety in America, has upon this point absolutely separated two people of the same blood and in most aspects strangely similar. The Englishman, when he thinks at all upon the subject, is very apt to forecast an unpleasant future for his country, to believe the day will come when it will be shut up in the ocean, or starved for want of corn, or ruined by the exhaustion of its coal, or deprived of its pre-eminence in manufactures, or in some way or other thrown back to a secondary rank. The notion that his country has reached its zenith, and must from some cause unknown recede, has for a century been constantly present to the Englishman's mind. The American, on the contrary, believes in a boundless future almost visibly before him, is the happier for it and the stronger, accepts children with greater readiness, meets the troubles, and especially the pecuniary troubles of life, with greater ease and more perfect *sangfroid*. Somebody, he thinks, will always be wanting something ; if he cannot grow corn, he can make Lucifer matches, and in a short time "we shall be two hundred millions, Sir, and the scream of the American eagle will drown all the *Te Deums* of the Old World ; and two hundred millions, Sir, will offer a market for lucifer matches wide as the universe, profitable as dealings in petroleum oil. It is all so amazingly true, too. There is no vaster dream dreamed on earth than that of these Americans, and yet it is all within the limits of the possible, so far within them that its realization is more probable than its failure. Judging, as human beings are alone entitled to judge, on the evidence, it is much more likely than not that in 1966 the American people will be one hundred and fifty millions, speaking one language, and that English, and possessed of all the knowledge that language contains

with a country of all climates and all scenes, resources scarcely explored, and an almost total freedom from physical distress. Every race, cultivation, and capacity will be represented in its borders, and nearly every civilization compatible with Republicanism and a very elastic Christianity. The number of the States will be at least fifty, and in each a marked and peculiar society will have been formed under the gradual operation of laws as different as the marriage laws of Wisconsin and Vermont now are, and of social systems as separate as those of Maryland and Massachusetts. Experiments of the most gigantic character will have been tried to the full, experiments as wild as the Western one of a nearly unlimited right of divorce, or as those social schemes tried so often in Western New York, or as one idea, so precious to every Democratic mind, of dispensing with every control save that of the parish constable. A hundred and fifty millions of men of all races and all instincts will be living together on one soil, under all climates, and possessed of every resource, coal, and iron, and corn, and wine, coal-fields so endless that even American lavishness cannot waste them, iron-fields so vast that they will consume forests covering a continent, corn-fields which will feed the world, and vineyards which even now send their produce to the owners of Hermitage and Johannisberg. There is no science such a race may not prosecute in peace for ages, no form of literature it may not develope, no discovery possible to man it may not hope to make. It will, without an effort, raise 300,000,000% of revenue by a taxation lower than that of England now is, and employ the whole, or nearly the whole of it, in works of peace. Distress, or tumult, or resistance to authority, or dread of freedom in its most unrestrained forms, will, says the American, be as unknown in that land as ignorance or violent crime. Every man will be secure in his home, every man equal, every man free to do whatsoever of good his hand can find, or his brain invent, or his heart conceive. So great will be the love of the people for these institutions, that the idea of attack will fade away, for what nation could dream of attacking a country in which thirty millions of armed males, capable of becoming soldiers in six weeks, will perish rather than suffer menace, and will own ships greater in number than those of the rest of the earth? Yet so great will be the content of this people, that Europe will pass on its way unharmed, unimpeded, and uncontrolled, save indeed, it may be, by an extorted agreement that America shall always be left open, a secure harbour of refuge, the "shadow of a great rock" to the poor, and the miserable, and the oppressed. To South and North alike the land will be open, and while the Dane eaten out of his home may find in Maine a climate as rough, and manners as kindly as his own, the Italian unable to prosper may grow *Lacrima Christi* on the slopes of Virginia, or renew the myrtles of Sicily by the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico. There is room for all and to spare, and when the tale is complete, and Americans outnumber every white race, there will stretch before them other territories to possess, lands more vast, mountains more various, plains more rich, rivers still broader, cultivations and possibilities of social life yet more multiform and great, for they may

cross the Isthmus, fix a capital greater than Rome, at a spot where the President can look from the White House upon two oceans, and stretch away, pressing on in innumerable hordes, over the glorious wilderness of Brazil, and the rich alluvium of the Amazon, mine the Andes, and fill those wonderful plateaus where, as in Bogota, the apple and the pine-apple grow side by side, and so spread slowly down away to the Antarctic Zone. The half of earth will then be American, and the curse of divided language done away; and the human race, rid at last of physical misery, of war, of inequality, and of the paralysis of powers produced by fears of each other, may commence a career as new as that which began when man first instituted marriage and discovered fire. It is a pleasant dream, one which makes New England farmers better, and softer, and nobler amidst their sordid cares; and it is all possible, or at least conceivable. No Englishman with an imagination denies that in his heart, or even doubts it, and it raises in him, among other things, that fierce jealousy which broke out so strangely during the recent civil war. He feels as if this structure thus visibly rising to the stars casts a shadow over England, as if his own land were lost in the haze around that coming Empire, as if he were dwarfed by the presence of his mightier descendant. He feels as a Jew might in the year 30, when, conscious that he alone of mankind recognized the grand intellectual and moral truths, he yet saw his country nominally independent, really but a province of all-absorbing and luxurious Rome.

The bitterness is the greater because the Englishman, almost alone among mankind, has neither past nor future, neither dwells on the glory of his forefathers, nor looks forward with hope to his descendants. The Scotch peasant remembers Bannockburn as if it were yesterday, the Russian moujik believes in the day when Holy Russia, mistress of Constantinople, shall give the law to mankind. The average Englishman knows nothing which happened before his father, looks forward to nothing in which his country will play a conspicuous part. He has few national traditions, and no national hopes. The educated German believes always in some coming Utopia, when all men shall have leisure to enjoy, and Germany, safe in her unity, shall plunge fearlessly into thought; and the educated Frenchman never wearies of the past of France; but the educated Englishman only wonders how men endured lives so bad as those of his forefathers, looks forward only to the time when the greatness of England shall have passed away. Yet if he dreamed, as Americans dream, pleasant things, and yet possible, the dream would not be an ignoble one. He might dream of a little kingdom in a rough but healthy climate, cultivated like a garden, in which a society of forty millions had been organized till it was as completely an entity as a human being, in which the slightest injury to the meanest, was felt as the plucking of a hair in a strong man's beard. In that land, so small and so cold, might exist a society coherent as the diamond, but with color as infinitely varied, a table as bright, facets as definite and as dissimilar—a society in which men rich as the old kings of the East, realized a luxury more than Assyrian by the aid of arts more subtle than

those of Greece, yet shared every luxury and every art with the meanest of those around them ; and in which workers, never poor to pinching, cordially sided in producing the magnificence they freely enjoyed ; in which thought, for the first time really free, for the first time spread among millions, would strike out new literatures and novel sciences, and add every day not only to man's dominion over nature — it was a savage who first tortured earth into multiplying seed corn — but to man's capacity for living noble lives ; in which so infinite would be the variety of position, and circumstance, and work, that every capacity and every disposition should be able to put out and profit by the full measure of its powers ; in which the latent use of all forms of weakness should become visible, in which the virtues should be able to act as motors, the passions be pruned down into energies. He might dream of an England in which every man was educated and could form an opinion for himself, every man provided with means sufficient to give his faculties scope, and every man able to rely on the aggregate force of all for aid against nature, or time, or circumstance, as he now relies on it against violent evil-doers ; an England in which Parliament should be the brain of a vast being, of a municipality with a conscious life, guiding all men, facilitating all measures, making enterprises easy which now seem impossible or absurd. He might imagine England thus organized, thus throbbing with many-colored life, ruling quietly over Southern Asia, breaking up sun-baked civilizations, sowing the seeds of new life over half mankind, watering every germ as it grew to maturity, and learning, as all great gardeners learn, to recognize the beauty, and the meaning, and the use of things which seem to the ignorant poisonous weeds. He might dream of an England which had reconciled the great difficulties of mankind, absolute freedom with perfect organization, liberty with union, self-will with self-sacrifice, a State which could act like a man, yet of which every citizen felt himself a free and component part. He might finally imagine an England not indeed as powerful as the Union, but so devoted to independence, so scientifically organized, so finely and strongly welded into a weapon, with Anglo-Saxon for weight, Celt for edge, and Scotch for temper, that to attack it would be simply to strike at a rapier with a crowbar, which might destroy, but not in time to prevent a mortal wound. Nothing in all that is impossible, once a generation is fully educated, and we shall educate the next. Rapid intercommunication is already binding the nation into one great family, till a hind cannot be horsewhipped on a remote moorland without a national roar of anger, and the House of Commons becomes for all purposes the *conseil de famille*. Let but the spirit of localism, or, as we call it, self-government, decay a little more, as it always does under education, and England will be welded as we have described, will present such an aspect of variegated, but not unhappy life. This dream seems to us as bright as the other, though not as vast, as the lawn may be as beautiful as a prairie, Windermere as Erie, a garden as a wilderness of wild flowers. The element of vastness is alone wanting, and we can find that in our purposes and our tropical possessions. Pallis's life was noble, though the end of that toil and endeavour

was only a pretty enamel; and the work of Athens was vast, though she never covered the space of the Duke of Sutherland's estate. All that man knows of the ideas which should regulate human organization was worked out by a nation of less than 30,000 freemen, so worked out that Europe has no words for policy save those the Athenians used, and in eighteen hundred years has invented but one new political idea, the possibility of rule by representation. Vastness is nothing, organization everything, the smallest entity with life and potentialities greater and more than the biggest, if it possesses neither. Grand as the mountain is, as Kingsley puts it, and oppressive to the spirit, men who could scarcely be seen on its side tunnel through it at their leisure. But then we want the fixed idea that England, which cannot be the mountain, is to be the man. — *Spectator*.

THE "POSITIVE POINT" OF UNITARIANISM.

THE Unitarians held their usual series of meetings during anniversary week in Boston, including their annual festival at Music Hall. It was at this meeting on Thursday evening, after dinner, that Dr. Hedge made what all agree to call a "Characteristic Speech." Dr. Hedge never fails of saying somewhat, on all occasions, pleasing to both parties. He was quite successful in taking his position on this occasion. He appeared as interpreter of Unitarian history. Dr. Hedge seems to have won for himself, (so it appears to an outsider,) among Unitarians generally, of both wings, a certain position of authority. He exercises a "*kind* of authority" which is not exactly "infallibility," nor is it the authority of Office. Indeed it is difficult to say precisely what the nature of it is. But there is a feeling that, in some way or other, in matters pertaining to the denominational *morale*, he *knows the way out of the woods*. He is skillful in seeming to point out the *agreements* between the *disagreeing* parties. Both sides, after hearing him speak, or after reading his writings, are not quite sure they don't agree with him; and if with *him*, then, after all, with *each other*. His words have weight, and none feel quite sure that if they oppose him, they shall not be in the wrong. Whether this be "authority" or "freedom," we do not pretend to say. On the occasion to which we have referred, Dr. Hedge, reviewing the action of the Convention held in the city of New York, a year ago, said "It was at that time an important question whether the Unitarian body should organize on its negative point or its positive point. The Unitarian body, he had previously said, was composed of two hundred and fifty religions. The two points on which they could agree were now Orthodoxy (which was the negative point,) and the human nature of Jesus, (which was the positive point.) He then goes on to say, "It was concluded finally, and I think wisely and well, that we should organize on our positive point, on that type of doctrine which we express by the name of Unitarianism, and I must say, notwithstanding the criticisms made at

the time, since then, and very recently, I thought, on the whole, it was a great felicity and a great success." Of course, neither wing of the Unitarian denomination will think of holding Dr. Hedge, in making this statement, to the *letter* of historical accuracy. For everybody knows that the Convention did not publicly declare any such purpose. It did not say that it would organize by affirming the "human nature of Jesus." In calling itself Unitarian, it may be said to have declared its opinion that Jesus was not God, but we look in vain on its records for any language which may be interpreted to mean that Jesus was a man. Therefore we insist that Dr. Hedge must not be held to the letter, either of his text or of his discourse. He must in some way be allowed the 'freedom of the Spirit,' in interpreting the proceedings of the Convention, and Unitarians must exercise the same *kind* of freedom in their interpretations of him. This is absolutely necessary in order to prevent confusion. Doubtless Dr. Hedge would explain his words to mean simply, that so far as the Unitarian body had any significance at all, it was by reason of its *humanitarian tendencies*, and that in persisting in maintaining its old antagonism to the trinity, it had, whether wittingly or unwittingly it matters not, virtually put itself anew into a position where it would *logically* have no alternative left it but to declare its belief in the purely *human nature* of Jesus. His remarks were to be taken not strictly as a narrative of the facts of history, but as a bit of prophecy. Dr. Clark has said, "the essence of a great event is not in the thing done, but in the power which is to do it." Dr. Hedge may claim, (we may suppose,) that he saw in the Unitarian Convention at New York, "the power" which was *dumb* behind the throne, but which must at length become *vocal*. Yet still again he would have to distinguish between a conscious, premeditated purpose, and a *spiritual necessity* of which the Convention, as a body was *not* conscious. As in the war our "military necessities" forced us into saying and doing a great many good things, so the *spiritual necessities* of the Unitarians — Dr. Hedge may be hopeful enough to believe — will force them, at length, to take most radical and unequivocal positions.

Now this explanation, we can conceive, would be quite satisfactory to the radical Unitarians, and no doubt it was a surmise of this kind that made them appear to rather like his speech. And on the other hand, his declaration that, in his judgment, the New York Convention acted wisely, and that it organized on its *positive point of Unitarianism*, we can conceive, would be, on the whole, well received by the conservative Unitarians. And they would not object either to the statement that the "two hundred and fifty congregations," (which became one body in New York,) "thought it important to emphasize the human nature of Christ, rather than the divine." It was not impossible for this phrase to mean just what they could heartily consent to. At all events, the "divine" nature is not disputed, but actually implied; only, the importance of *emphasizing* the "divine" was less manifest. We do not feel quite sure that we have done Dr. Hedge full justice in this attempt at interpreting his speech. It may turn out that we have not fairly presented either the positive or negative points of it. But it will be conceded that the case is a somewhat difficult one.

EDITOR.

TO THE MEMORY OF PROFESSOR MANSFIELD.

QUESTIONING.

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

INTO the night I gaze with weary eyes ;
The black lake, stretching into murky space,
Lifts its dark waters like a sleeper's sighs ;
Far out, where from its gloom the winds arise,
Far out, I gaze and gaze, with pallid face.

Dead ! He is dead ! Never again to sit
Holding my hand, and reading me his heart.
Dead ! And this death ? What must I think of it ?
Where, when men's souls their mortal shackles split,
Pass they away ? In what fate have they part ?

Waters, oh waters, sighing in the night,
Symbol you Death, in darkness and unrest ?
Winds, roaming far, with feet that ne'er alight,
Symbol you Death ? Yon stars, that pale your light
Behind yon clouds that pall-hang all the West,

Symbol you Death, with light in shadow hid
With curtain broad ? Come, answer me my quest ;
Which of you symbols that which his soul rid
Of its mere clay ? Oh, these drear figures mid,
My heart aches wearily, and finds no rest.

False are ye *all*—dark night, pale stars, black waves !
Ye symbol Death ! Read me no more that cheat !
Death is a sleep. It deals with more than graves ;
Beautiful sleep ! which all his best part saves,
And keeps for me till that day when we meet.

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BOOK NOTICE.

AN EXAMINATION OF MR. J. S. MILL'S PHILOSOPHY : Being a Defense of Fundamental Truth. By JAMES M'COSH, L. L. D., Professor of Metaphysic, Queen's College, Belfast, Author of "The Method of Divine Government," "Intuitions of the Mind," etc. New York : Robert Carter & Brothers. 1866.

We opened this book with no very sanguine expectations of pleasure, having an impression that the author, though a man of some reputation, is primarily a theologian of the old school, and a metaphysician scarcely otherwise than in the interest of his creed. British metaphysic is commonly limited enough even when discussed with a pure interest ; bound beforehand to determinate theological results, it could hardly be tolerable. The beginning of the book, though agreeable reading enough, gave no decisive token of power. And on the fortieth page were found a few words which seemed quite discouraging. Dr. M'Cosh there permits himself to speak of Spinoza as "ending in the bogs of a horrid pantheism." This appeared to make it certain that he is one of those who, beyond a limited range, do their thinking with the nose. Though no partizan of Spinoza, we could ill conceive how any man capable of appreciating spiritual elevation, or moved by a predominating sympathy with ideas, should vent upon him this commonplace cant of the pulpit.

Yet the book utterly disappoints these evil prognostics. Though not to be named a great thinker, Dr. M'Cosh is unquestionably an able man, fully competent to cope with Mr. Mill in metaphysical discussion, if not decidedly his superior, as we think he is. His intelligence is perspicacious, his judgment sound, and he writes in a style of perfect transparency, though of some amplitude. The points which he makes against Mr. Mill are exceedingly well chosen ; and we do not find a single instance wherein he fails either to carry his point perfectly, or at least to show that the doctrines he assails must stand by new supports, if they stand at all.

He first takes issue with the other upon the origin of our ideas. Mr. Mill, as is well known, traces these exclusively to sensation. His statement is not merely that sensation is involved in all our thinking, but that an idea is nothing but the sum total of many sensations linked together by the principle of association. To be sure, in his last book he begins to waver, and indeed makes special admissions which are wholly inconsistent with this doctrine, but without abandoning the doctrine itself. Dr. M'Cosh shows this position to be not only ill-defended, but indefensible. On this point his triumph is no less than complete. He makes it indubitable that such a doctrine can be rendered plausible only by a wholesale system of slipping in intuitive ideas without acknowledgment. No one who has read Mr. Mill's discussions with some closeness of scrutiny, can fail to have detected this curious process ; and the clearness with which his critic exposes it, must needs give such a reader satisfaction.

Without leisure even to indicate the course and method of the discussion,

we cordially commend the work to all who find themselves interested in such matters. The author sometimes misses his mark, and toward the close of the book, where he approaches Theology, becomes equally limited with his opponent, if not even more so. But in general his criticism merits attention and respect, though he does not fairly break through the ordinary limits of British metaphysic. His range of thought is not perhaps ampler than that of Mr. Mill, but he is less hampered by a system, and is capable of a nicer critical attention.

In one case he touches upon a point of great importance for his general purpose, but slips past it without more than a casual remark — the fundamental relation, namely, of Belief to Knowledge. He finds Belief first of all in Memory, where Mr. Mill also admits its presence. This is coming far short of the fact. It can easily be shown that Belief is the necessary substratum, as it is the crown, of all knowledge — that it is involved in ordinary perception, and indeed in everything which may be called mental action. And an accurate exposition of this matter would deal a death-blow to Positivism.

D. A. W.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE.** By A. B. Child, M. D., Boston : Adams & Co. 21 Bromfield St. 1866.
- WOMAN'S DRESS ; ITS MORAL AND PHYSICAL RELATIONS,** being an Essay delivered before the World's Health Convention, New York city, Nov. 1864. By Mrs. M. M. Jones. New York : Miller, Wood, & Co., 15 Laight St. 1865.
- ALCOHOLIC MEDICATION.** By R. T. Trall, M. D., New York : Miller, Wood & Co., 15 Laight St., 1866.
- THE EASTERN, OR TURKISH BATH ; with its History, Revival in Britain, and Application to the Purposes of Health.** By Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S. with notes and appendix by M. L. Holbrook, M. D., New York : Miller, Wood & Co., 15 Laight St., 1866.
- THE TOILERS OF THE SEA.** A Novel by Victor Hugo, Author of "Les Misérables." New York : Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square, 1866.
- RALPH, and other Poems.** By Henry L. Abbey.
- BONDOUT** Horatio Fowks. New York : N. Tibbets, 37 Park Row, 1865.